

The Historie of

Some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, & then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Peppercorne, a Brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath been the spoyle of me.

*Bar.* Sir John, you are so fretfull, you can not live long.

*Fal.* Why there is it; come, sing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuously given, as a Gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, die'd not about seven times a weeke, went to a Bawdy house not about once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse: and now I liue out of all order, out of compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fatte, *Sir Iohn*, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, *Sir Iohn*.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, & Ile amend my life: thou art our Admiall, thou bearest the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, *Sir John*, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths head, or a *memento mori*. Ineuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and *Dittes* that liued in Purple: for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuē to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oth should be, *By this fire that's Gods Angel*: But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the Sunne of ytter darknesse. When thou ranst vp *Gads-hill* in the night, to catch my Horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of Wild-fire there's no purchase in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlasting Bone-fire-light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt *Tauerne* and *Tauerne*: But the Sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the dearest Chandelers in *Europe*. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeares: God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zlound, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fals.* God's mercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

## How

Henry the f

How now, dame Partlet the Hen,  
yet who pickt my Pocket?

*Hof.* Why *Sir Iohn*, what do you  
I keepe theeues in my house: I ha  
haz my husband, man by man, b  
the tight of a haire was nener lost

Fal. Yelie Hofteffe, Bardol was  
and Hebe sworne my Pocket was  
man, goe.

*Hof.* Who I? I defie thee: Go  
mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Goeto, I know you well.

*Hof.* No, *Sir Iohn*, you do not  
*Sir Iohn*, you owe me money *Sir*  
rell to beguile me of it : I bought  
backe.

*Fal.* Doulas, filthy Doulas : I  
 kers wiues, they haue made Boul

*Ans.* Now at I am a true Wor  
you owe money heere besides,  
drinkings, and money lent you,

*Fal.* Hee had his part of it, le

*Hof.* Hee? alas he is poore, he  
*Fal.* How; poore? looke vpon  
let them coine his Nose, let them  
a denyer: what, will you make  
take mine ease in mine Inne, but  
haue lost a scale Ring of my Gra

*Hof.* O Iesu, I haue heard the  
oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a lack  
were here, would cudgel him!

*Enter the Prince marching,  
playing on his Trunchion*

*Fal.* How now Lad, is the work  
Must we all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two; New

Hos. My Lord, I pray you hea

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